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VOLUME 2.

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NUMBER 70.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.
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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square. The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly. Semi-monthly, monthly, and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion. All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

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Aug. 26. 68

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Will practice in the Courts of Kershaw and adjoining Districts.

A. G. BASKIN,
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CAMDEN, S. C.
Will attend the Courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Fairfield, Darlington and Lancaster Districts.

W. H. R. WORKMAN,
Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Equity,
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(Office nearly opposite A. Young's Book Store.)

C. S. WEST,
Attorney at Law.
Office in Rear of the Court House, Camden, S. C.
June 17. 48 2ms

P. J. OAES,
Saddlery and Harness Manufacturer,
Opposite Masonic Hall,
CAMDEN, S. C.

S. D. HALLFORD,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
AND GENERAL AGENT,
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R. J. MCGREIGHT,
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AUCTIONEER.
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RICE DULIN,
FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
CENTRAL WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
May 2. 35 u

Z. J. DEHAY,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
CAMDEN, S. C.

THOMAS WILSON,
Fashionable Boot Maker,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WM. M. WATSON,
Fashionable Tailor,
CAMDEN, S. C.

JON. E. NICKLE,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
WINSBOROUGH, S. C.
(Office in the rear of the Court House.)
May 6. 36 4m

GLOVERS & DAVIS,
Factors and Commission Merchants,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Aug. 8 62 3m

PAVILION HOTEL.
(BY H. L. BUTTERFIELD.)

CORNER OF MEETING AND HASSELL STREETS,
AND IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF HAYNE AND
KING STREETS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAMDEN, S. C.

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Districts.
Feb. 4

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Magistrate.
OFFICE AT THE COURT-HOUSE, CAMDEN, S. C.

COURTENAY & WIENGES,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND DEALERS IN
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Opposite the Post Office
Agents for the best Green and Peas, and
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Marine, Fire, and Life Insurance.

Commercial Insurance Company,
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.
CAPITAL, \$250,000, ALL PAID IN.
OFFICE, NO. 1, BROAD-STREET.

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ROBERT CALDWELL, J. H. BRAWLEY,
A. R. TAFT, T. L. WEAVER.

The subscriber having been appointed agent for this Company, is now prepared to receive Proposals for FIRE RISKS, and will effect Insurance on fair and liberal terms.
W. M. McDOWALL,
Camden, S. C., May 5, 1851.

MANSION HOUSE.
CAMDEN, S. C.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his friends, and the traveling Public, for the liberal support which he has received since he has been opened, (four months), and has entered upon his duties for 1851, with renewed energy and endeavor to please all that may call upon him, both rich and poor. His House will be found one of the most desirable, situated, and best furnished Hotels in Camden. His servants are also well trained and attentive, and the table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

His Stables and Carriage Houses are roomy and always fully supplied with Provender, and an experienced Hostler. An Omnibus calls at the House every morning for passengers for the Railroad. Give me a call and test my motto.
As you find me,
So recommend me.

E. G. ROBINSON,
Proprietor.
Camden, February 7th, 1851.

Darlington Hotel,
DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.

THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DOREN, is again opened for the accommodation of the Public. Strict attention to the wants and comforts of guests will be given, and no effort calculated to merit the patronage of all who may favor the establishment with a visit, shall be spared.

All that the market and surrounding country afford will be found upon the table.

Comfortable rooms, for families or individuals, are prepared.

The Stables will be attended by careful and attentive hostlers.

Drovers can be well accommodated, as any number of horses and mules can be kept in the stables and lots expressly prepared for them.

Nov. 1, 1850. 86 tf

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an extensive stock of **GROCERIES**, at the stand formerly occupied by Joseph W. Doby, one door south of Campbell's Bakery, and opposite H. Levy & Son, where may be found all articles usually kept in the Grocery line, consisting in part of the following:

Fulton Market Beef
No. 1 and 2 Mackerel in kits, for family use; Rio and Java Coffee; crushed and brown Sugars; New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, filberts, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

Also—
A few doz. old Port Wine, Hedsick best Champagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, together a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine, all of which he offers low for cash.
Jan. 1. S. E. CAPERS.

Ladie's Dress Goods.

A splendid assortment of Ladie's Dress Goods in a great variety of styles, will be sold at greatly reduced prices to close them out. Among them may be found some very rich and rare patterns.
E. W. BONNEY.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Dispatch is furnishing that paper with a series of amusing and well-written poetical effusions under the head of "City Lyrics." The following is a specimen:

I would not die in Spring time,
When worms begin to crawl;
When cabbage plants are shooting up,
And frogs begin to squall:
'Tis then the girls are full of charms,
And smile upon the men;
When lamb and peas are in their prime—
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Summer,
When trees are filled with fruit—
And every sportsman has a gun,
The little birds to shoot.
The girls then wear their Bloomer dress,
And half distract the men;
It is the time to sweat it out—
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Autumn,
When new mown hay smells sweet,
And little pigs are rooting round
For something nice to eat.
'Tis then the huntsman's wild hallo,
Is heard along the glen,
And oyster's gin to fatten up—
I would not perish then.

I would not die in winter—
For one might freeze to death:
When blustering Boreas sweeps around,
And takes away one's breath.
When sleigh-bells jingle—horses snort,
And buckwheat cakes are tall:
In fact this is a right good world—
I would not die at all!

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Scold, scold, thump, thump—scold scold away!
There's no comfort in the house upon a washing day."

NONSENSE! I only wish the writer of those lines had been at our cottage by the old bridge on washing-day; it would have made him sing other words to the same lively air, or I am very sadly mistaken.

Washing-day! why, it was the happiest twelve hours in the week to "us children." We could scarcely sleep all the night before from the fervent anticipations of the frolic which it brought. It was astonishing how our intellects were sharpened, and our ingenuity brought in force to devise ways and means for escaping school on that particular morning.

A nice, tidy old creature was our washerwoman; one that an artist would have sketched in spite of himself, had he seen her wending along the shady path, in the cool morning, with a handkerchief of brilliant cotton passed neatly over her cap and tied beneath the chin.

But there was sometimes another object which almost every young man of taste, even though not an artist, would have fancied—for Lida was possessed of a beauty so soft and delicate, that it seemed natural to the green woods, almost as the flowers that spring to life and perish there. Lida—sweet, pretty Lida—as we always called her, was a girl of ten years old, when I could remember—for she was just the creature to fasten herself on the mind of a child whose instinct it was to love the beautiful, and be grateful for kindness. Lida came with her mother every week for many a year; and it was to her that our washing day owed all its cheerfulness. The old woman brought her girl to take care of the children, she said, and the way she took to make us happy was never so successfully exerted by mortal being before or since.

A change fell upon our washing days. The old woman came as usual, but alas! Lida, dear Lida, no longer helped us gather sticks from the drift heaps, or allowed her ringing laugh to set the birds chirping, from sympathy, in the pine woods. Lida was an apprentice now, learning the milliner's trade at Fall Hill. But sometimes the young girl would start early, and come with her mother for a few moments Monday mornings; but she seemed more thoughtful than formerly, and there was something peculiarly sweet in her smile, which was more beautiful even than her pure, bird-like laugh. Her complexion settled into that clear, pearly white, which indicates perfect health quite as truly as the richest bloom. Her eyes were changeable, and shaded by the longest and most jetty lashes you ever saw; while her little mouth was bright and red as a ripe strawberry. When she smiled much, a dimple settled on her cheek and round her mouth, like the shadow of a honey-bee when hovering round a lily; and when Lida was seventeen, and had begun her apprenticeship, it was pleasant to observe how lively the child had become as she approached the threshold of womanhood.

The milliner's shop where Lida worked, was on the second story of a dry-goods store near the Episcopal church. There were two rooms in the front separated by a narrow entry, and as Miss Smith, the milliner, always took a remarkable fancy for fresh air whenever lawyer Gilbert was in the opposite room, insisted that the door should be left open, Lida was hours together so that she could not lift her eyes without knowing that a young man rather handsome, and with singularly fine eyes, sat within the adjoining room; though she never looked directly at him, or could see the least indication that he took any advantage of Miss Smith's liberality regarding the door.

Miss Smith was a town bred, dashing milliner, rather social, and ready to impart information regarding former conquests in town, even to her apprentice girls as long as they were content to admire and wonder at a respectful distance; but amid all her condescensions she never once allowed "our Lida" to forget the immeasurable distance that existed between a bleach box and a wash tub. Sometimes the lady would quietly steal a glance through her black ringlets to observe if the lawyer was remarking the elegance of her position, and as the girls seldom lifted their eyes in that direction, it was easy to indicate the force of her charms by exclamations of, "Dear me! I wonder why Mr. Gilbert is always looking this way! What can he find so interesting? I really wish he would not sit so exactly against the door."

Had the girls looked toward the lawyer's office at such times, they would have seen him tranquilly poring over a very new volume in paper binding, with his back turned toward the door, his chair balanced on two legs, and his feet resting on the edge of a table, covered with law books in sheep-skin backs, perfectly untarnished, a pair of boxing gloves, a flute, a quantity of wrapping paper, and pens without number.

It would have been a very unprincipled thing in the young lawyer, had the deep frownces and pretty cap, which Miss Smith set for him, taken effect—for he was already engaged to a younger lady who had just returned from a boarding school in New Haven; and the fine old homestead which stood a little back from the church, embowered in a grove of oaks, and with an old fashioned flower garden attached, was at that very moment tumultuous with the noise of workmen who were preparing it for the reception of a bride—lawyer Gilbert's bride.

Once or twice Mr. Gilbert did actually lift his eyes from the paper bound volume, and looked earnestly into the milliner's room, but as Miss Smith leaned her head, and cast a side glance through the interstice thus made between two of her longest curls she saw that his eyes were fixed not on her, but on the drooping lids and dark lashes of Lida, the washerwoman's daughter. He might well gaze upon the innocent picture of that young girl, as she sat on a low stool, bending over her work with her dark hair twisted in a single massive braid around her finely moulded head, a tiny foot creeping out from the folds of her calico dress, and her small hand fluttering about the rose colored silk she was sewing, like a bird coquetting with a flower. And the milliner might, indeed, experience an uncomfortable sensation, as she turned her kindling eyes on the unconscious possessor of so much loveliness—especially as lawyer Gilbert never turned a page that afternoon without stealing a look at the gentle girl from over the top of his volume.

The next morning Lida was banished to a front window, directly out of range with the door. The prettiest prospect imaginable lay before it, and the poor girl was delighted with the change. Bred to the fields as she had been, it was so pleasant to look up from her work now and then, and rest her aching eyes with a glance at the green trees, and the cool blue sky beyond. She was very grateful for the change in her position; and thanked the milliner so sweetly again and again, that the lady really began to applaud herself for having done a kind action—a sensation which, from its extreme novelty, must have been extremely agreeable.

Directly before Lida's window was a closely trampled green sward, divided by the highway as it curved up from the valley. Behind this was a one story house, white as a snow drift, and surrounded by thickets; a large portico was over the front door, and around one of its slender pillars a single honeysuckle vine had twisted itself like a wreath. The house was so near that, Lida could almost count the crimson blossoms from her seat by the window, and when the young girl would come into the portico with a book, which she never read, or an embroidery frame which she never used, Lida would ply her needle with great diligence, and blush to be so earnestly regarded by the most accomplished and haughty girl in our village. She knew this young lady was the intended bride of Mr. Gilbert, but never dreamed that it was his presence near the window, with his flute, that drew Miss Warner's attention to the building. Poor Lida, in the innocence of her heart, she was beginning to think that the boarding school graduate had taken a fancy to her, and was desirous of an acquaintance.

In order to interest lawyer Gilbert, Miss Smith had already exhausted all positive means of attack. She had sent to his room for a volume of Byron; she doated on his poetry, it was so soft, and would be obliged if Mr. Gilbert would favor her by the loan of Childe Harold or his Comedies.

Mr. Gilbert returned answer that his copy of Byron was sent to Miss Warren, across the way.

Miss Smith's compliments again. "Would Mr. Gilbert oblige her by playing that lovely air once more, Miss Smith was so delighted with it."

Mr. Gilbert unscrewed his flute, laid it on the table, and then returned his most respectful compliments to Miss Smith; but the physician had forbidden him to practice more than fifteen minutes at a time, under any circumstances.

The milliner could hit upon no other device, so she gave an additional flourish to her dress, let down a ringlet of more subduing length from her hair, moved her work-table directly opposite the door, and had resolved upon a siege, the success of which must depend upon her own personal attractions; when Lida became an apprentice, and was banished to the window.

During the four days that followed the punishment intended to Lida, Miss Smith was in fine spirits. Mr. Gilbert not only looked at

her more than twenty times a day but in one instance he paused in the entry passage, and took a step towards the door, as if tempted to enter. But he changed his mind, and in a few minutes Lida saw him cross the highway, enter the white portico opposite, and sit down by the young lady who was loitering the morning away in its shade. The next day it rained, and everything looked dull and miserable. Miss Smith sat by the table disappointed and cross. The moist air which swept from the entry took the stiffening from her silks, and she closed the door, all hopes of seeing the lawyer were at an end for the day. She would have submitted to the faded lustre of her goods, but when the dampness had taken her ringlets out of the curl, and began to chill her neck, she flung a shawl over her shoulders, tore up a bonnet pattern to roll her hair in, and putting on the worst of tempers with her altered looks, ordered the doors closed, and determined to make a miserable day of it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORDS OF TRUTH AND WISDOM.

We make the following extract from a letter addressed to his former constituents by the Hon. James A. Seddon, the able Representative of the Richmond District, Va. in which, on account of ill health, he declines being a candidate for re-election:

"The seeds of incalculable future evils were sown in the mis-called compromise measures of the last Congress, and most, even more surely than in the case of the ordinance of '87, and the Missouri Compromise, now almost universally at the South conceded to have been the fruitful source of our present dangers, ripen to a pernicious harvest of mischief. The partial reaction, which has taken place at the North, in resistance to Abolition Fanaticism, though claimed for this compromise, is really due only to the strong manifestations of discontent at the South, and a determination there to endure no further aggression; and conclusively indicates how much more full, by concert of action and union of sentiment on the part of our people and their representatives at an earlier period, our wrongs might have been averted, and our rights vindicated. To render this reaction effective for any future good, it is indispensable that its causes should be actively continued and increased. Ceaseless vigilance in discovering and promptly and unanimously in asserting our rights and our constitutional guarantees, can alone give a chance of perpetuating the Union as our fathers made it, and of maintaining our institutions and property in security and peace. The indications of the future, notwithstanding the seeming lull which has naturally followed the late extreme excitement, are full of monition and danger. The free soil organization, lately in effective ascendancy throughout the whole North, has been, by the attainment of its leading end, partially disbanded, but its constituent forces have been by kindred affinities attracted to and are now being merged in the avowed Abolition party. That party this day exalts its crest higher, and is more bold, defiant and numerous than at any previous period of our history. With its ulterior designs concur many malign influences, not the least of which may be found in the cant pseudo philanthropy of the day, which it is the fashion to dignify with the name and honor with the importance of the moral sentiment of the world. This party from a sagacious foresight of the only instrumentalities through which it can hope for the ultimate accomplishment of its fell designs allies itself too with the most bigoted adherents of ancient Federalism, and seeking to prostrate the secure bulwarks of our rights the State sovereignties strives to consolidate and nationalize a Great Central Government. With insidious cunning invokes the name of Union, and clamorously appeals to the fear of the timid, and the hopes of the grave, to the sacred associations of the past and the proud anticipations of the future, in order to malign the motives and destroy the usefulness of the truest friends both of the Union and South because the most vigilant guardians of the constitution and the sternest opponents of the unholy designs of these 'wolves in sheep's clothing.'"

No inconsiderable portion of the Southern people themselves have been weak and blind enough to be deluded by these devices, and loudly swell the chorus of paeans to their oppressors, of obloquy and reproach to their defenders. Meantime, in greater or less degree, have been brought under abolition influences the press—the schoolhouse, the pulpit of the North—and through their agencies, the people and institutions of the South are systematically derided and maligned, and the principal inculcated, that by the strong hand of the Federal Government, is all organized action, even of the State sovereignties for their protection and defence, to be crushed and extinguished. These tendencies, unchecked, can have but one result, and that at no distant day. Upon the subverted foundations of our simple constitutional system, will be established the worst form of despotism; a great consolidated government, without limitation of powers, administered at the will and according to the caprice or interest of a mere numerical majority. The majority must be at the North, and, if already, the sentiments and sympathies of its masses are so strongly arrayed against our property and institutions, what of peace and security can be hoped for in the future, from its thickening numbers, its swelling tide of fanaticism, prejudice and cupidity! Under its administration of unlimited power, we of the South would speedily have no alternative, but abject submission, ruin and desolation, or forcible disruption and civil war, with no right acknowledged us, but that of the worm, "to turn when trod upon."

Fellow-citizens, I have no expectation of